

## SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.

He Gives Out "Great Gobs" of Common Sense and Philosophy.

The Changeableness of Man—How Kit Brantley Got Rich On White Whiskey—A Farmer Can Get Rich or Poor on General Prospects.

(Copyright 1894.)



Whether a man is rich, or whether he is poor, is always more or less according to the way his feelings run. If a poor man could but only always feel like he would be way yonder better off in the long run than the rich man that is always feeling like he is dead poor. But the main trouble is that a man's feelings may run one way today and another way tomorrow. A poor man might light in and get rich on his feelings and the general prospects today, and then wake up poor as a passle of church mice tomorrow mornin'.

### The Changeableness of Man.

I reckon maybe no doubts man is about the most changeable creature in all this vain and fleetin world anyhow. They use to tell a story on Kit Brantley, which the same was true as gospel, that will show the general pints that I am drivin at in this case. Kit was the black sheep and the scape goat of the whole Brantley generation. All the rest of the boys, exceptin Kit, was hustlers and stirrers and strictly business from base. But Kit he lived over there in the Flat Woods and plowed a spotted steer and was just about as poor as they ever git to be. One mornin Sam Nettles was fixin off on a visitin trip to Texas, and on the road to town he passed Kit Brantley drivin his little steer to a cart with a load of pine knots to sell.

"How are they comin today, Kit?" says Sam.

"Powerful slow and monstrous rocky, Sam," says Kit. "Accordin to the way the game is runnin now I don't see no chance for me to drive around the poor house much longer."

"Well, I am off on a trip to Texas," says Sam. "They tell me your brother Bill is out there doin well and makin money hand over fist. Maybe if he knewed the lay of the land, Kit, he might help you out a little."

"Now if it comes to pass that you might see Bill," says Kit, "tell him he has got a brother back here that is monstrous low down in the ashes of poverty and ruination, and if he can help me I would be much obliged."

When Kit got to town he sold his load of pine for six bits and got a pint of white corn whiskey for two bits in trade. Then he proceeded to "licker up," as usual, and about that time he met Sam Nettles on the street.

"If you see my brother Bill in Texas, Sam," says Kit, "tell him I am ahead of the hounds onest more, and if the crops pan out all right I will take a flyin trip out there to see him next fall."

Sam laughed and went on about his business, and presently Kit went and laid in another two bits worth of white whiskey. Latherin up towards the pints of the evenin Kit met up with Sam onest more. With this time Kit had climbed up around somethin like a quart of corn juice, whereas he was as tight as a hat band and as happy as a sunflower.

"When you git out there in Texas, Sam," says Kit, "if it so happens that you might meet up with my brother Bill, tell him that I am ahead of the hounds with no fences to climb—plenty of money and no poor kinnery—and if he wants anything he aint got he can draw on me and git it."

### Got Poor on Prospects.

In this present day and generation, if a farmer don't watch all the pints and keep the corners pulled up close, he is very probable to git rich or poor on his general crop prospects, whereas Kit Brantley used mean whiskey to the same extent. When crops are bully and prospects bright every farmer needs a scotch and a good pair of holdin back straps, and then he ought to set the back-band back a few links to keep from gittin rich all of a sudden and runnin everything too deep. I took what you might call an object lesson along this line onest upon a time, and I feel like I had ought to put it down in white and black and give it out for the common good of the country and the risin generation.

You see I had went and put in a big cotton crop on my bottom lands that year, but the dry weather and the cool spring mornins come on and luck run dead square agin me at the start. The cotton all staid right there on the ground, but somehow it didn't move off 's suit me. My neighbors had planted cotton on their hill lands and it shot right up on long shanks and got away as pritty as you ever saw. Onest or twis I went down to the swamp and took a round through my cotton, but it was so golumation little and lousy and droopy and sickly lookin, till I got tired and took out and quit goin to the field. And if I went over the hills I would run right up with Handy Wiggins and Dink Ashcraft, with their land cotton flourishin like unto a young bay tree and lookin plum bony and beautiful. So at last I got to that pint where I jest put up at the house with mother and the children and stayed there day in and night out. If it so happened that I met up with Dink Ashcraft and Handy Wiggins they was blusterin and blowin about their fine cotton, and it made me feel terrible small and bad. They kept on braggin on their cotton and pokin so much fun as mine till I derned if I didn't hate to meet them in the big road. I was plum blue and mad all over in spots as big as a saddle blanket, and onest or twis I thought right serious about sendin over the creek for Elder Smith to come and cuss out the whole entire settlement for me. But I kept on tellin Dink and Handy that if they didnt look sharp and mind out I would be with them at the packin.

### Holdin Down Expenses.

So along about that time I turned the face over to the boys and the hands, whilst I stayed around home to hold down the store account as best I could, and to keep from gettin mad and stoppin over. The crops had started off slow and sorry and it was a mighty good time of year for me to make all the edges cut. Seems to me like the four

House was heavin in sight, and it was now in order for me to do a whole passle of thinkin and scratchin and savin. Things rocked along about so till the last days of June. The boys give in their reports that the crop was now briffin up considerable and I ought to go down to the field and look at it. Well, at last I mustered up courage enough to go and see for myself, and when I got down to the bottom lands and looked over fields I couldn't believe what my old eyes saw. Gooiny Christmas at the cotton, and what cotton! The cotton went all run to weed, but it stood a little better than waist high, and the limbs was meetin and lockin arms in five foot rows. The stalks was low up and high around, and the field was so red and white with blossoms till it looked like a bed of roses in full bloom, blamin if it didn't. Durn our old black cat's kittens if it didn't—well, I jest simply felt like some other man. I had to hunt for a cool settin down place, and then I set there and laughed all over myself.

"What would Handy Wiggins and Dink Ashcraft say if they could but only see that cotton?" says I to myself, and then I laid down and laughed a whole passle more. "Wide as it is high, and heavy fruited from the ground up. Now, if the caterpillars don't hit the crop it is as good for a bale to the acre as fine as for a ginger snap."

I reckon Dink and Handy must of seen my crop, cause after that they wouldn't meet me nowhere. Blamin if they didnt quit the big road and take to the woods every time they saw me comin.

### Rich on Prospects.

Well, there I stayed, down in the field, walkin around over the crop, measurin cotton stalks and countin the bolls all the mornin. I was so mortal glad and happy till I like to of forgot to go home to dinner. But when I got back to the house I was whistlin and singin and flyin around so lively till mother wanted to know what in the name of goodness was the matter with me. I had been and got rich and reckless on prospects.

Then I told mother all the good news. I had been down in the field lookin over our cotton crop, and it was jest simply magnanimous and splendidous. Instid of makin the sorriest crop in the country I thought we was good for a bairn to the acre, and maybe a bale and a half on the best spots. She was more than glad to hear it, to be certain of course, but she didn't seem no ways particular surprised. She loved she thought I had got mad and blue rather early in the game, but she knewed it want no use to say nothin. As for her part, she never loses her faith in Providence and good seasons.

"We aint so very doggoned poor after all, are we mother?" says I. "Here I have been mopin and droopin around all the spring like a sick chicken with the pips, when I ought to of held my head way up and faced the music like a man. I have been feelin like the ragged edges of poverty and ruination, gettin hongry in my sleep and dreamin about the poor house, when I ought to of felt like a three-year-old in a forty-acre field of rust proof oats. Looks like I am naturally the blamdest, bloominest old fool in forty-seven states anyhow, aint I mother?"

But mother she didn't say nothin. She put on one of them sickly little smiles, but she didn't say nothin. Whereas I reckon maybe silence gives consent.

### Let The Check Rein Down.

"Well, I am goin to pay the game way yonder diffent henceforwards from now on, mother," says I. "It's no use savin and scratchin and stantin and starvin with a cotton crop like that comin on. We have got to live like white folks ought to live this summer. You must have another poker dot muslin and a new bonnet and a pair of gaiter shoes. Our little Mary must have three or four new white frocks, with plenty of laces and ribbons for fanc trimmings, and then her old Daddy will buy her the prittiest pair of red top shoes in town. As for me, I have got to git me a new Sunday shirt for nice. Maybe my old alpaca coat will pull me through the summer if I handle her real gentle and particular, but I will have to git me a new pair of boots if they cost me four dollars in spot cash. And we have got to set a good table too, mother. I go it tolerable heavy on good clothes, but my heart panteth after the pantry continually all the time. I always did believe in feedin. I never have been too strong to eat enough, and whenever I git sick it aint no trouble for me to tell what I have got, the back ache or the stomach ache. We can have anything and everything we want to eat and wear this summer. We can have biscuits three times a day, we want to, and I am goin to use stor bought tobacco constant and steady as the time."

### A Plain, Homely Talk.

Mother didn't say much of anything right then, but I reckon she must have been carryin on a whole passle of thinkin to herself, cause that night, when everything was calm and still she lit and give me a plain, homely talk.

"Rufus Sanders," says she, "I do worry in my soul that you could strike a lot and travel a safe and steady gait. You are always too high up, or either too low down. Today you take a spell the studs and kick and pull back, and then by tomorrow you git colty a dance and prance and frisk around best Bobtail. But yesterday you the studs and had 'em bad. Now you are as flirty and foolish and full of yourself as a colt before weanin time. Seems to me like it is most time for you to put up the check rein onest more. You are the farmer and the general boss, and I reckon maybe it aint none of my business to be tellin you how to manage, but from the way you have been talkin and carryin on today I right sharp of the opinion that you is fixin to pitch in and run things too deep around here this summer. We are aint along mighty well as it is, and if you all out now and go to flyin too high about the next thing you know will be into it good fashion, and never can touch bottom no more. No my notion is that we have got plenty eat and plenty to wear for the present time bein. If you must make a big thing out of money like water runnin down hill jest spokin you will sill sometime along next fall. Don't go to countin your chickens whilst the old hen is still on. You don't know what might come to pass between this and cotton pickin time. You had better go slow and run light on the store account till we know what is what, which is who. Let every two set on its own bottom, and every day will take care of itself."

I was bound to own up that mother talked a whole lot of good sense, but I had took the bit in my teeth, and she

went on playin the fool as usual, if not more so.

### Luck Runs The Other Way.

Along in the last part of the next week I hooked up the best horse on the place to my spring wagon and lit out for town. That was about the most richest day I had ever felt in my life. I sailed in and spent the money me and mother had been savin up for a rainy day, and run the store account up considerable to boot. By the time I laid in my stock of summer goods I was feelin as big as a campmettin, and walkin around steppin as high as a blind calf in tall oats. Man sir, I was plum rich and reckless then. That night when I pulled up at home the old spring wagon was loaded down with dry goods and fancy groceries and good tobacco, and other spirituous and vegetable matter. There was new frocks and shoes for mother and the baby, a Sunday shirt and new boots and other necessities for me, and a plenty of somethin good to eat for everybody on the place. Mother didn't say much, cause she lowed it want no use wastin words with me when I had one of my fool, colty spells on. It was a natural disease and run in the family, and it had to take its course.

But the hurdin and diggin part of the performance was that I didn't stay rich very long. Inside of a month the wind had changed and luck was runnin agin me like a shot. The drouth hit the cotton crop and then the rust and the caterpillars and the dry rot and the boll worms all rounded up and closed in and swooped down on it, and everything but the bottom crop was a dead failure. The streak of bad luck hit the neighbors too, but somehow it seems as if it hit me the hardest and stayed with me the longest. We didn't make more than half a crop, and when the mild and mellow autumn come I was chin deep into the soup. It took me too long years to settle up and pay out of debt and pull myself back together right.

Yet still at the same time I learnt another lesson that will stick and stay with me to my dyin day. Now I make it a general rule every year to sell a little more than I buy. And I don't buy anything that I can get along without till the crop is on the market and the cash is in my sock.

RUFUS SANDERS.

### FASHION HINTS.

Notes of Some of the More Recent Innovations.

A new costume is made with a point at the back, to which the dress skirt is firmly sewed. This is a revival of a very old style, and has points of grace. Especially is it suited to ladies who have more flesh than they know how to dispose of gracefully. In some dresses of this sort the fronts are loose, with lapels falling over the sleeves, the front opening over a silk vest.

An autumn jacket is close fitting, with the skirts slightly full. The fronts and the back of the collar are trimmed with fash wide braid set on in fancy pattern, a leaf suggestion being followed out in the design. The sleeves are very full at the tops and laid in the flat plaits with which we are already familiar in these garments. A new conceit in waist trimming is a Spanish jacket arrangement made of alternate rows of galloon and velvet ribbon. It just reaches the waist-line at the back, and has ends composed of two rows of galloon with stripes of velvet between. These extend about half way down the length of the skirt.

The very deep Vandye points that seem to be gaining in popularity are

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### THE STAGE.

MAX WALTER, a member of Messrs. Rosenfeld's Lilliputians, has signed a contract with Paul Philipp, and will shortly appear on the variety stage.

WILSON BARRETT's fifth tour in this country will begin in Thanksgiving week. He will have two new pieces: "The Manxman" and the "Sign of the Cross."

BARBAR BERNHARDT has given several representations of Phedre in Paris lately, and the critics declare that she exhibited greater tragic power than ever before.

HENRY B. DIXEY has made up his mind to devote his time to an entertainment tour a la George Grossmith. He will give all his famous imitations and make-ups.

HENRI MARTEAU, who is to go through Sweden, Norway and Denmark on a concert tour, will return to America in January to fill engagements in the south and west.

MARIANA, who played first violin for Jenny Lind at Castle Garden forty-three years ago, lives in want in Boston, blind and helpless. He is over ninety years of age.

ABOUT one million tickets are used daily by the theaters of this country. Henry Irving was so well pleased with the work of an American printer that he ordered the tickets for the Lyceum theater, London, to be printed in New York.

### PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The customs authorities of Boston have decided that the works of Zola are immoral, but not obscene.

"FERBY" MALONE, the once famous baseball catcher, has been reported dead, but erroneously so. He is and has been for several years a special inspector in the United States customs department in Philadelphia.

WILLIAM WATSON's health is said to be now almost completely reestablished. He is able to spend a considerable part of each day in literary work. A sonnet by him was recently printed in the Westminster Gazette.

The enforced abstinence from books and periodicals after the operation on his eye was most irksome to Mr. Gladstone. He made the best of his idleness by having one of his secretaries read the second book of the Aeneid to him in the original, but frequently he would take the Latin words out of the reader's mouth and recite them from memory.

### ORIGIN OF COMMON THINGS.

STEEL pens originated in England in 1603.

TILES were used on houses in Rome 500 B. C.

LAWYERS were known in Babylon 2300 B. C.

BOOKKEEPING is first mentioned in Italy about 1560.

COCK-FIGHTING was introduced into England in 1191.

TITLES are older than written history. King is the oldest.

PAINTING in both oil and water colors was known in Egypt 1800 B. C.

SHOES are first mentioned in Egyptian annals 2,000 years before Christ.

STAMPS for marking goods were in use at Rome before the Christian era.

GUSS was of military origin and known in India before the Christian era.

The use of the Christian era in chronology began in Italy in 525. It was not employed in England until 816.

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